

CDC  
SIX-GUN HEROES  
№32

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

# Six-Gun Heroes



LASH La RUE



ROCKY LANE



TEX RITTER



TOM MIX

10¢



FOUR western thrillers starring  
your FAVORITE COWBOYS!

Dick  
GORDON



# SIX-GUN HEROES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



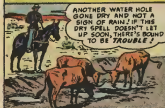
ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LARUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES ★ SPACE RAMBLER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DOON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment

*Alfred P. Faj* Executive Editor



**W**E FIND ROCKY LANE, FEARLESS YOUNG UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, AT A DRY WATER HOLE AS A MERCILESS DROUGHT GRIPS THE HEART OF THE GREAT RANGE LANDS.....



WHEN WATER IS SCARCE AND THEIR CATTLE ARE DYING OF THIRST, FOLKS DON'T RESPECT WATER RIGHTS AND ARE APT TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF GETTING THEIR CRITTERS TO WATER... BY NOOK OR BY CROOK!



RECKON WE'D BETTER STAY AROUND THESE PARTS FOR A WHILE! IF TROUBLE BREAKS OUT—I AM TO BE AROUND!



# SIX-GUN HEROES

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY, BRONG BROMLEY, GUN-SLINGING BOSS OF THE FLYING M, LOOKS OVER HIS SPREAD'S ONE WATER-HOLE....

LOOK, BRONG! THE WATER HOLE'S GONE PLUMB DRY! THE GRITTERS'LL START DROPPING LIKE FLIES FROM THIRST UNLESS WE GIT 'EM TO WATER MIGHTY PRONTO!

YEAH, AND TOD WESTON'S GOT THE ONLY NEVER-FAILING SPRING IN THESE PARTS!



ARE YOU GONNA BUY WATER RIGHTS FROM WESTON TO SEE YOU THRU THE DRY SPELL, BRONG?

LET ME FIGURE! HMM! IF I COULD GIT THE BAR X AWAY FROM WESTON, OUR TROUBLES'D BE OVER! IT'D GIVE US THE ONLY WATER IN THESE PARTS... WHICH'D GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SQUEEZE OUT THE OTHER SPREADS!



I'VE GOT IT! C'MON BACK TO THE RANCH HOUSE! WE'LL LAY OUR PLANS BACK THERE!

HAI! LEAVE IT TO BRONG TO FIGURE SOME WAY OF SLICKING WESTON OUTTA THE BAR X SPREAD!



YOU BOYS GIT OVER TO THE BUNKHOUSE! I'LL JOIN YOU THAR IN A MINUTE!

RIGHT, BRONG!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE BUNKHOUSE.....

EXCUSE M-ME, GENTLEMEN! C-CAN YOU USE ANOTHER COWBOY?

WHNT! MAKE TRACKS, TENDERFOOT, AFORE I PLUMB VENTILATE YOU! YOU FIXING TO SCARE THE COWS OUT OF THEIR HIDES IN THET GET-UP?

WAL, LOOKIT HIM!



HUN! A-IT'S BRONG!

HAW, HAW! RECKON IF THIS GIT-UP'LL FOOL YOU BOYS, I'LL FOOL WESTON OVER AT THE BAR X!



I'M GONNA DROP IN ON WESTON IN THIS DISGUISE POSING AS A TENDERFOOT CATTLE BUYER... TO LAY THE FOUNDATION FER OUR SWINDLE!

WHAT ARE YOU FIXING TO DO?



IT'S SIMPLE! POSING AS A CATTLE BUYER, I'LL OFFER TO BUY UP MORE CATTLE THAN WESTON CAN SUPPLY--AT A BIG PROFIT TO HIM!



# SIX-GUN HEROES

THEN I'LL TAKE OFF MY DISGUISE AND DROP IN ON HIM AGAIN! WHEN HE GETS AROUND TO THE SUBJECT, I'LL OFFER TO GIVE HIM FIVE HUNDRED HEAD OF CATTLE, ENOUGH TO FILL THE PHONY ORDER--FOR A NOTE ON HIS SPREAD!



IN THAT WAY, THE CATTLE WE LEND HIM WILL BE GETTING PLENTY OF FREE WATER AND BY THE TIME HIS NOTE COMES DUE, WE'LL HAVE THE CATTLE RUSTLED BACK AND WE'LL NOT ONLY FORECLOSE ON HIS RANCH, BUT PIN A RUSTLING CHARGE ON HIM! A RUSTLING CHARGE TNET'LL STICK!



TNET'S ALL MIGHTY SLICK, BUT HOW'RE WE GONNA RUSTLE THEM CRITTERS BACK AND PIN A RUSTLING CHARGE ON WESTON?



'NAH! TNET'S PLUMS EASY! I'LL OFFER TO SLAP THE BAR X BRAND ON THE NECK BEFORE I DELIVER 'EM! THEY'LL BE BRAND-ED ALL RIGHT--COLD BRAND-ED!

DOGGONED, BRONG, TNET COLD-BRANDING IDEA IS PLUMB BRAINY. WE GIT WESTON'S SPREAD, AND THE CRITTERS BACK, AND WESTON GETS BLAMED FER RUSTLING 'EM!



AND THE CRITTERS GIT PLENTY OF GOOD WATER MEANWHILE! HA, HA! I'LL GIT GOING NOW!



**A** FEW HOURS LATER, AFTER VISITING WESTON OF THE BAR X RANCH....

NYAR COMES BRONG NOW, BACK FROM THE BAR X!



HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT, BRONG?

FINE! HA, HA! I'VE GOT 'IM PLUMS ON THE NOOK!



GIT READY TO RIDE, BOYS! SOON AS I GIT SHED OF THIS DISGUISE, WE'RE GOING TO PAY WESTON ANOTHER VISIT!



YOU SNORE AIN'T LETTING NO GRASS GROW UNDER YORE FEET, BRONG!

THAT'S WESTON NOW! I'LL DO THE TALKING!



RIGHT, BOSS!

NOWDY, BROHG! WHAT BRINGS YOU THIS WAY?



THE DRY SPELL HAS HIT MY NECK HARD. MY WATER NOLE'S GONE DRY! I RECKONED YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN BUYING SOME OF THE CRITTERS, SEEMING AS HOW YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF WATER FER 'EM!

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**A**S THE LIMP, HELPLESS FIGURE OF ROCKY LANE SWAYS AND TOPPLES TO CERTAIN DOOM, A GREAT BLACK STALLION'S INTELLIGENT EYES CLOUD WITH FURY.....



... AND BLACK JACK GOES BLAZING INTO ACTION IN RESCUE OF HIS BELOVED MASTER!



**W**ITH A MIGHTY SURGE OF SPEED THE GREAT STALLION LEAPS FORWARD, CLAMPS THE STIRRUP STRAP IN HIS STRONG WHITE TEETH AND BRACES HIS POWERFUL BODY.....



GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! YOU DID IT AGAIN! WHEW! THAT WAS A MIGHTY CLOSE SHAVE!



AWAY, BLACK JACK! I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER TO ALL THIS BUT BEFORE I CALL A SHOW-DOWN I WANT TO ASK WESTON ONE QUESTION!



# SIX-GUN HEROES



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SIX-GUN HEROES

# TEX RITTER

IN

## FRAME-UP!

WHAT CAN  
I DO FOR YOU,  
DAVIS?

YOU KNOW THAT CLET BARKER'S PROPERTY  
ADJOINS MY RANCH... I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO BUY  
BARKER OUT, BUT HE REFUSES TO SELL! SINCE  
YOU'RE THE LAW HERE, I RECKON YOU COULD  
FIND A WAY TO MAKE HIM COME TO  
TERMS, RITTER! HERE'S SOME-  
THING FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

STEVE  
CAMPELL

LISTEN, DAVIS... AS LONG AS I  
HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT  
IT, THE LITTLE RANCHEES LIKE  
BARKER WILL GET THE SAME  
JUSTICE AS THE BIG ONES...  
LIKE YOU!

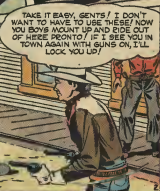
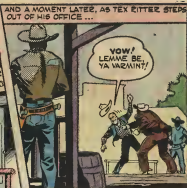
I'LL NOT FORCE ANYONE TO SELL  
HIS LAND IF HE DOESN'T WANT TO!  
NOW TAKE YOUR MONEY AND GET  
OUT OF HERE... FAST!

WHAT'D  
HE SAY,  
BOSS...?

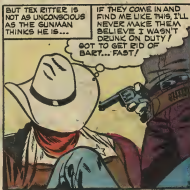
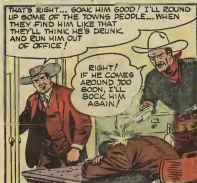
RITTER'S GOT LESS  
SENSE THAN WE  
GAVE HIM CREDIT  
FOR!



# SIX-GUN HEROES



# SIX-GUN HEROES



# SIX-GUN HEROES

WITH A SUDDEN BACKWARD LURCH, TEX KNOCKS THE GUNMAN OFF BALANCE...



DROP IT, BART!  
I DON'T WANT ANY  
SHOOTING & JUST  
YET!



THAT'LL COOL  
YOU OFF FOR A  
WHILE!

UGH!



A MOMENT LATER  
THE TREACHEROUS  
DAVIS OPENS THE  
OFFICE DOOR...

WELL... THERE  
HE IS! THE  
DRUNKARD!



WELL...  
I'LL BE...



I WOULDN'T  
NEVER HAVE  
BELIEVED  
IT!

LET'S GET THAT  
HAT OFF, RITTER!  
SO YOUR FRIENDS  
CAN GET A GOOD  
LOOK AT YOU...





# SIX-GUN HEROES



# HOTEL HOLDUP

THE THREE men hovered about the shadows of the hotel lobby's darkest corner. Since they'd come into the hotel, almost an hour previous to this time, not once had they gone far enough away from the dusky retreat than necessary to see the entrance of the building. It was inevitable that they should attract the attention of the manager and clerk of the hotel, namely, George Hobson.

He'd noticed them soon after they'd come in. Instead of coming to the desk and registering, as most guests, they'd entered, surveyed the lobby casually, as if strolling through an art gallery, than made toward the dimly lit corner. Now they still remained there, growing more ominous by the moment as one would venture forth, glance at the entrance, then saunter back and report to the tallest, darkest member of the trio. Mr. Hobson decided they were up to no good, and as long as they remained he would keep one of his bespectacled eyes on them. It became clear to them that they were being watched when the tall, dark, sneaky-looking leader's eyes met George's. He stared for long seconds, then, when George dropped his eyes, approached the desk.

"Say, buddy," he said, "do you mind if we wait in the lobby here for a while? We're waiting — waiting for a friend," he finished too hastily.

"Not at all. Just make yourselves comfortable," George answered him obligingly.

AFTER that he pretended not to notice them quite so much. They were waiting for someone, but George Hobson wondered if the friend would regard himself as such. Once, a piece of the conversation the three were carrying on drifted his way:

"I tell ya, that's the truth. He's supposed to—" The rest faded into nothingness, but he caught a scrap of the next words, spoken in a more violent tone.

"Spats, you'd better be sure, or at least lucky if he doesn't show up," and the tall boy made a threatening gesture at the smaller man. He must have told him to take another look at the door, because the smaller member walked a short way toward the center of the lobby, then

back to his cohorts, shaking his head negatively. Then they sat in the big, comfortable chairs placed conveniently about the lobby, and for a time became almost forgotten as they remained quiet and obscure, not even making the usual promenades to the center of the room to get a clear view of the front door. Business was picking up now, and George had enough work to do without trying to keep a steady watch on the trio. Perhaps he'd never have noticed the man they were waiting for if he hadn't heard one of the three utter an exclamation of surprise a short time later. The three were whispering among themselves in the corner, and it was certain the newcomer hadn't seen them as yet. George was sure that something wrong was about to happen, so he appeared more disinterested than ever, but every action was seen by his keen eyes. "Twenty-twenty with the glasses," George would tell you. Those eyes were eagerly peering sideward at the men as they left the gray of the corner to approach the man they'd been waiting for.

WHEN he looked up and noticed them for the first time, the tall, dark man right before him, the man with the valise grew very pale.

"I—I—what do you want?" he angrily asked. "All we want is you, brother," Darkie answered.

He was very close to the man, and when he leaned close and whispered something into his ear, the elderly man nodded, picked up the satchel, then preceded the three to the corner.

"We don't want to have to take the bag along," the tall man was saying.

GEORGE wondered what kind of transaction was being made, and decided it was their business if they wanted to be so secretive, but was jolted to a sudden new interest when he noticed how close the trio was to the new arrival, and the fact that the leader of the three had his hand in his pocket holding the coat he had on at a sharp angle at that point. He didn't think he'd been seeing too many movies lately, and nothing ever happened in his

hotel, but this time—this time he had to be sure. There were no customers at the desk, so Georga left, went through a doorway at the rear of his cubicle, and into the interior of the ground floor. He went to the room adjoining the corner where the three men were holding the fourth member of the party. There was a door leading from that room, and it was right at the corner where the men were. George put his eye to the keyhole and was able to see them. They were there all right. The conversation was easy to catch now.

"C'mon, Williams, you can help remove the bills from the bag and put them in their pockets. When I've got the whole amount, you can have the bag, anyway."

It was the dark man speaking to the elderly man, who, George had learned now, was Williams. The name was oddly familiar. Williams began to say something, but at a prompting of the leader's hand, still in the pocket, he helped obediently.

**S**UDDENLY George decided he could do a lot. He raced back into the room, remembering the gun in the desk drawer. He laid an anxious hand on it, a gleam in his already bright eyes, but remembered to go back to a phone before using the weapon. It took but a moment to call the operator and notify her that it was an emergency and the police were to be sent to the hotel. Then George went back to the door near the men.

He knew the door would be locked, and any noise would alert them, but it could be done if it were done quickly enough. The tall man's back was toward George, and the money had been almost entirely transferred to the men's pockets. Williams was stalling as much as possible.

"Hurry it up!" the tall thief snapped. "It's nice to know such an obliging secretary as you have, Williams," he said to the victim. Then he added: "Sha told Shorty you were meeting a man here today for a big business deal, and that you'd probably carry a few grand along. We just beat him to it, hay boys?" He addressed his men at the last, and they smiled crookedly. Then the last bill was put into the pockets of the men, and the gangster laughed:

"No sense of making too much noise, and I don't see that nosy clerk around, so you'll get off easy, Williams." With the words he raised his arm and withdrew his hand from his pocket, holding a revolver as George had thought, then in a sudden downward sweep hit the elderly man on the forehead. Williams sank to the

floor silently, and George knew it was time for him to make his play.

**H**E had turned the key in the lock silently, and now he opened the door with a lightning-like movement, came face to face with the leader of the criminals, and thrust the gun he had into the leader's ribs. The man had half turned, and the surprise with which he was taken made it easy. George put an arm around the front of the gangster's waist and prodded him with his weapon.

"Okay, drop the gun you've got!" he almost shouted, doing it to keep his courage up and to impress them.

The tall man dropped his gun and Georga grabbed it. With the newly acquired revolver he motioned to the other men:

"Get over against that wall there."

The two went over to the wall and stood with their backs against it. Their faces showed their stunned surprise at the sudden turn of events. George stayed behind the gangster whom they followed, using him as a shield in the event they should try to make a break. But they were not willing to try it.

In the corner where they had almost gotten away with their robbery, Williams was regaining consciousness. He was helped to his feet by the roomers of the hotel. By now the occupants of the hotel who had come into the lobby had all formed about the scene. One of the men took charge and was keeping them back, leaving no one too near or between George and his captives. They were docile enough, and when, a moment later the police entered the lobby, an audible sigh of relief passed through the small gathering.

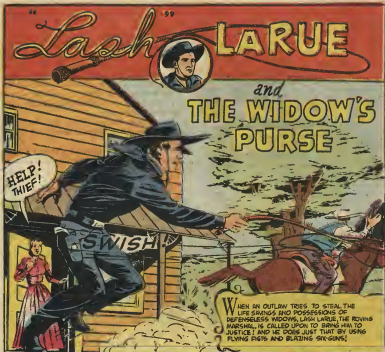
"That's a good job of policework," the officer who questioned Georga about it told him.

"And I have a lot to thank you for," Mr. Williams was saying. "I'd like you to accept a small reward. I insist on it," he said, brushing aside George's refusal. "If I hadn't told my secretary all and decided to meet a business associate here, for convenience, this would not have happened."

"We'd like to talk to your secretary, too," the policeman interrupted, then added: "You've given us the gun you got from the prisoner, Mr. Hobson, but it's a good thing you had one of your own to make it possible."

"Oh, this," George laughed, then turned to a boy who had joined the throng and said: "Here, son. It's a good thing I remembered seeing your water pistol lying near the office."

**THE END**



# SIX-GUN HEROES

LASH, YOU CAN SEE SOMEONE IS CARRYING ON A TERRIFIC RACKET! A WIDOW MIGHT BE AFRAID TO OPEN A DOOR FOR A STRANGE SALESMAN, BUT NOT FOR A SALESLADY!

TULSA, GOPHER GULCH AND PINE BUSH! THE WAY THEY'RE WORKING, I'D SAY THEIR NEXT STOP SHOULD BE PRAIRIE JUNCTION!

WIDOW ROBBED OF ALL HER BELONGINGS, ONLY STRANGE PERSON IN HOUSE IN A WEEK! SHE CLAIMS WAS A TRAVELING SALESLADY.

GOPHER GULCH COURIER

WIDOW BUYS POTS AND PANS FROM SALESLADY AND FORGETS TO LOCK DOOR--RESULTS--HOUSE PICKED CLEAN BY BANDIT THAT NIGHT!

WIDOW ROBBED OF ALL HER BELONGINGS, ONLY STRANGE PERSON IN HOUSE IN A WEEK! SHE CLAIMS WAS A TRAVELING SALESLADY.

PINE BUSH WEEKLY

SALESLADY FORGETS TO LOCK DOOR ON WAY OUT OF WIDOW'S BOARDING-HOUSE AND OUTLAW CLEANS OUT SACK

CITY BLADE

WIDOW ROBBED OF ALL HER BELONGINGS, ONLY STRANGE PERSON IN HOUSE IN A WEEK! SHE CLAIMS WAS A TRAVELING SALESLADY.

THAT'S RIGHT, LASH! AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

OKAY, CHIEF!

LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!

LATER, AT THE PRAIRIE JUNCTION JAILHOUSE---

I DON'T TAKE NOTICE OF ANY SALESLADY RIDING INTO TOWN, LASH! BUT THEN, THERE ARE MANY TRAILS LEADING INTO PRAIRIE JUNCTION!

DO YOU HAVE ANY WEALTHY WIDOWS IN TOWN?

JAIL

YES! WIDOW SANDERS IS WORTH A FORTUNE IN JEWELRY ALONE! SHE LIVES IN THE BIG HOUSE ABOVE THE RIDGE!

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SHORTLY AFTER---

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION? THERE'S A LOT OF QUICKSAND AROUND HERE!

I'M POSITIVE! YUKON PICKED THIS PLACE FOR HIS HIDE-OUT BECAUSE HE FIGURED THE QUICKSAND WOULD KEEP EVERYONE AWAY!



FROM HIR ON-WE'D BETTER GO BY FOOT!

LEAD THE WAY, I'LL FOLLOW!



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M AFRAID ALL THIS EXCITEMENT'S BEEN TOO MUCH FOR ME! I---OH!



SHE'S FAINTED! I'D BETTER FIND SOME WATER TO BRING HER TO!



SUDDENLY---



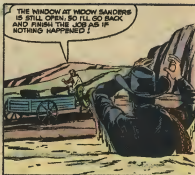
BEFORE THE GROGGY LASH CAN REGAIN HIS BALANCE---



THE QUICKSAND WILL TAKE CARE OF YUH!



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LET'S HIT THE TRAIL BACK TO WIDOW SANDERS' PLACE!



WHEN THE ROVING MARSHAL ARRIVES THERE---

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT, MRS. SANDERS! I WAS TOO LATE TO STOP YUKON HERE, BUT I'LL CATCH UP TO HIM!



THE NEXT TOWN IS GDEVILLE! THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING, RUSH! HIT THE TRAIL!



SOON, IN GDEVILLE---

WIDOW SUMMERS IS THE RICHEST WIDOW IN TOWN, BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, STRANGER?

I'VE GOT A MESSAGE FOR HER!



LATER, AT WIDOW SUMMERS---

BEFORE I TRY TO SELL YOU SOME POTS AND PANS, WIDOW SUMMERS, I WONDER IF I COULD TROUBLE YUH FER A GLASS OF WATER?

IT'D BE NO TROUBLE! I HAVE SOME WATER RIGHT HERE!



ER--ER--I'D LIKE SOME FRESH WATER FROM THE PUMP!

YOU'RE MIGHTY PARTICULAR CONSIDERING--



---YOU'RE NOT THIRSTY!

SPLASH!



# SIX-GUN HEROES



EXTRA!! the BLUE BEETLE RETURNS!!!

## THE BLUE BEETLE

AMERICA'S CRUSADER  
OF  
LAW AND ORDER

10¢ NOW AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND! 10¢



# TOM MIX

and the  
PACKAGE of  
DOOM



SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE OF DOBIE -

GIDDAP, BOY! WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS  
PACKAGE OVER TO THE MAYOR OF DOBIE!

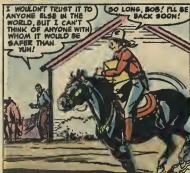


LOOK AT THAT PONY EXPRESS RIDER  
GO! I WONDER WHAT HE'S  
GOT IN THAT  
PACKAGE!



I DUNNO,  
GREG, BUT THE  
WAY HE'S HOLDING  
ON TO IT, I RECKON  
IT'S MIGHTY  
VALUABLE!

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SO I'LL HAVE TO DO THE NEXT BEST THING! GO AFTER THEM ONE AT A TIME!



IF I'M GOING TO GO AFTER THE OTHER ONE, I'LL HAVE TO CATCH THIS CRITTER FAST!



WHAM

THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY I KNOW!



YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, MIX! LET ME GO!



THEN WHY ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY? WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!

HELP  
I'M ROLLING OVER THE CLIFF!

GULP - HE CAN'T STOP!



NO ANKLES - IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE HIM!



I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM! HE MAY BE ONE OF THE CRITTERS WHO LAMBASTED THE MAYOR!



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AND I ALSO HAVE A GOOD REASON AS TO WHY HE DID IT!  
DIG DIRT, BOY!



THE OTHER CRITTER FIGURES ON GETTING HIS HANDS ON THAT SERUM FOR HIMSELF!



MEANWHILE - IT MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE IF THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER TURNED IT OVER TO MIX! WELL, I AIN'T SHARING THE LOOT WITH ANYONE!



WHO'S THAR - (GULP!)



THIS IS THE BEST ANSWER I CAN THINK OF!



UNLESS YOU THINK THIS IS A BETTER ONE!



LATER - WE'VE DISTRIBUTED ALL THE SERUM, TOM, AND THE CRITTER WHO STOLE THE PACKAGE IS IN SHERIFF MIKE'S CUSTODY NOW - ALL THANKS TO YUH!

IT'S ALL PART OF A DAY'S WORK, MAYOR MILLER! I WAS GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE!



Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!  
**TAKE 'EM FREE!**



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**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers  
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## I TRAINED THESE MEN



"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week to spare time."—Adam Krenik, Jr., Bensenville, Pennsylvania.



"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Gene Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.



"Am doing Radio and Television servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to NRI."—Carlin Smith, Ft. Madison, Iowa.



"Am with WGOB. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing in class. Radio-Television course class."—Jack W. Parker, Mendon, Mississippi.



"By profession, had paid for course, buying testing equipment. Got service contract jobs."—E. J. Streinberger, New Rochelle, Ohio.

**AVAILABLE TO  
VETERANS  
UNDER G. I. BILL**

## You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send



Nothing takes the place of **PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE**. That's why NRI training is based on **LEARNING BY DOING**. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my

Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multimeter you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.



**The Tested Way  
To Better Pay!**

Training plus opportunity is the **PERFECT COMBINATION** for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the **BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED**. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys **GREATER SECURITY**. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

**Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15  
a Week Extra Fixing Sets**

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multimeter built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

### My Training Is Up-To-Date

You benefit by my 30 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

**2 FREE BOOKS  
SHOW HOW  
MAIL COUPON**



**Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity**—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3900 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.



25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

### Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 4493, Washington 8, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

### Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4493  
National Radio Institute, Washington 8, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE  
(No money will cost. Please write plainly.)

Name  Age

Address

City  Zone  State

**VETS** write to date of discharge





RADIO

BOY LOOKS  
FLASH CAMERABOY LOOKS  
TELESCOPEBOY LOOKS  
TELESCOPEBOY LOOKS  
POCKET WATCHBOY LOOKS  
POCKET WATCHBOY LOOKS  
TELESCOPEBOY LOOKS  
TELESCOPEBOY LOOKS  
TELESCOPE

MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

PRIZES  
GIVENMAKE  
MONEY  
TOO!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page... or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radiant dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U. S. Maps, 11 in. leather kite, sewing box, electric clocks, pressure cookers, secret equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others... ALL WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is. Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Mosaic plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35¢ each on night. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mosaic. Write to-day for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

ELECTRIC  
TWO-WAY  
WALKING TALKIEBOY LOOKS  
ON SALE  
EYE  
LAMPTIGER JO.  
GUITARWHIST WATCHES  
FOR BOYS  
AND GIRLS

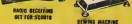
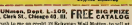
ARCHERY SET



BARBIE SET

PRESSURE  
COOKERGUN WITH  
CARRIAGEWOODWORKING  
SET

CHEMISTRY SET

RADIO RECOVERING  
SET FOR SCOUTS

SEWING MACHINE

HERE'S HOW  
YOU GET  
YOUR PRIZES

Write your name and address on coupon and we will ship to you ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 highly decorated Mosaic ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mosaic, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$2.40 to keep \$2.40. Earn, send TODAY for 24 Mosaic ON TRUST and big PRIZES CATALOG FREE!

## FREE!

MEMBERSHIP in the  
FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mosaic and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership pays, covers, secret code, giant pocket of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. L-105, 4555 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill. **FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG**

Please rush to me on credit 20 Religious Wall Mosaic, to sell at 35¢ each. Also include Big Prize Catalog FREE. I will credit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and deliver the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET or RFD \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

SEND NO MONEY... We Trust You!